The Second Horror

Posted originally on the Archive of Our Own at http://archiveofourown.org/works/22339756.

Rating:	Explicit
Archive Warning:	No Archive Warnings Apply
Category:	M/M
Fandom:	Hannibal (TV)
Relationship:	Will Graham/Hannibal Lecter
Characters:	Will Graham, Hannibal Lecter
Additional Tags:	Bondage, Mildly Dubious Consent, Murder Husbands, Frottage, Coming In Pants, Masks, Muzzles, Blow Jobs
Language:	English
Series:	Part 1 of Acts of God and Man
Stats:	Published: 2020-01-20 Words: 7,382 Chapters: 1/1

The Second Horror

by BelladonnaWyck, raiast

Summary

> “In my dreams, they always strap that God-awful muzzle on me. In the morning, my jaw creaks with the effort to unhinge, my teeth ache from being clenched so tightly.” Will gave a soft huff as he gazed down at the still-healing cracked skin of his knuckles. “I don’t have any interest in repeating the experience, no matter how *cathartic* others find it to be.”
>
> “Do you have an interest in reciprocity?”

Notes

> *”The first horror is there’s horror. The second is you accommodate it.” - Glen Duncan, The Last Werewolf*

See the end of the work for more notes

“Forgive me for saying so, Will, but you don’t look entirely well-rested.”

A polite way of saying he looked like shit. Will couldn’t blame him - he’d caught his own eye in the mirror before leaving Wolf Trap. He looked as though he hadn’t slept for days; dark rings shadowed the hollows of his eyes like bruises. Even as he took the time to iron his button-down and shape his newly shorter curls into something more tamed and presentable, he knew that it would not disguise the things he needed them to. The things Hannibal would see immediately upon looking at him.

Will wet his lips, his hands sliding down his thighs in an echo of a time where he fidgeted uncomfortably under Hannibal’s gaze. He tensed his fingers, refused to let them drum idly upon his knees. He weighed his options and considered telling Hannibal the truth; considered the opposite. In the end, Hannibal elaborated before he needed to make up his mind.

“I thought your nightmares had eased somewhat, since your treatment.”

Will took a breath and very deliberately did not clench his jaw in anger. He stared on and fought against the immense ire and betrayal that swelled within him like a tidal wave every time his thoughts strayed to his illness, to the horrific, waking nightmare he had lived for all those weeks while Hannibal sat by and toyed with him.

“Will you tell me about them?”

Will leaned back into the unwelcome comfort of the plush leather chair, crossed his legs and considered the man across from him. Hannibal sat as he always did, still and stoic, legs crossed and fingers steepled, every thread of his suit - both three-piece and person - perfectly in place. His gaze fell to Hannibal’s mouth - it had been doing that quite frequently, as of late, and Will was conflicted as to why that was. He thought about the vision beneath him as his fists rained down with unrestrained anger and eagerness. He recalled picturing that it was Hannibal’s face he pummeled, Hannibal’s smirking mouth smeared with his own blood. He didn’t let himself think about the impulse that had overcome him to bend down and taste that bloody smile.

“Tier doesn’t hold a starring role, if that’s what you’re wondering,” Will answered at last. “I don’t feel bad about what I did; I feel proud. I made Randall Tier into the very thing that had struggled to claw its way out of him his whole life.”

Hannibal’s expression didn’t change - not physically - but Will could see the glint shift in his whiskey-soaked eyes all the same. He looked proud. Will hated that a small part of him preened with it.

“I dream about the hospital,” he admitted, his gaze falling to the hands resting in his lap. It was too easy to imagine them bound. Even as the thought flickered through his mind, he could feel the cold steel, constricting around his wrists, could hear the rattle of chains like an ever-present specter; haunting him. “I dream about being bound, helpless. I wake with my lungs constricted, desperate to claw my way out of the sheets that became wrapped around me in the night.”

He had joked about shutting himself up in a sleeping bag once, when the sleepwalking had first started. Joked about how the solution sounded like a poor man's straight jacket. He didn't find anything funny about straight jackets anymore. He didn't find much of anything funny anymore.

"Many find that being bound can be a cathartic experience," Hannibal pointed out. His voice was silk-wrapped stone, smooth and solid all at once. Grounding. Will had once imagined that the good doctor's voice could likely soothe him right into sleep, bar the nightmares from invading his mind. Now, he couldn't even imagine feeling at ease enough in the man's presence to come anywhere close to sleeping. "In restricting movement, in restricting *choice,* they are freed."

"In my dreams, they always strap that God-awful muzzle on me. In the morning, my jaw creaks with the effort to unhinge, my teeth ache from being clenched so tightly." Will gave a soft huff as he gazed down at the still-healing cracked skin of his knuckles. "I don't have any interest in repeating the experience, no matter how *cathartic* others find it to be."

"Do you have an interest in reciprocity?"

His eyes darted up to Hannibal's at that, wary as he considered Hannibal's last act of reciprocity. "You do," he pointed out. "You made that quite clear to me."

Hannibal inclined his head in a slight nod, amusement dancing in his eyes, curving the edges of his mouth just so. Will, having exhausted his stores of discipline for the day, stood from his chair to drift idly through the office.

"Indeed," Hannibal's voice sounded in agreement behind him. "Though on that front, we are, as you said, 'even Steven'. This would be a different sort of reciprocity."

He hated that curiosity prickled within him, hated how easily Hannibal could draw it out. "In what way?" he asked, even though he longed to keep tight-lipped, to deny his monster another opportunity to step into his mind and move things to his own liking.

"I would like to explore the therapeutic merits of binding you."

Will's spine stiffened, his head jerking around to face Hannibal once more. He couldn't hope to disguise the alarmed vehemence that twisted his features, nor did he feel the need to. "No."

Hannibal raised a brow, his lips curling around a vicious grin. Like most things Will had grown to associate with Hannibal, he was now able to see the facsimile of humanity without any of the kindness that formed the layers of the man's person suit; a smile just slightly too cruel, showing too many snow-white teeth, pupils just the wrong shade of flat black, the color of sharks circling blood in the water.

"No?" the man asked, lips thinned out with his pleasure. Will wasn't sure when he'd started paying so much attention. Why seeing the man pleased caused something to shift deep in his stomach, something he'd rather not press too hard at. "You haven't even heard my proposal."

“There is absolutely nothing I want from you, Dr. Lecter. Besides, perhaps, to be left alone. But I think we’re well past that, don’t you?”

Hannibal made a noncommittal sound of agreement at that, eyes tracking Will as he began a circuitous route around the familiar room, flashes of images chasing him from corner to corner, memories of the time he’d spent here, not always as himself. Drugged and under Hannibal’s influence, invaded and violated in the most insidious of ways.

“That ship has sailed, as you say, though I do still believe there is yet a facet of your personality that I can appeal to.”

Will doesn’t turn to look at him, refuses for several long seconds to rise to the obvious bait. He dances his fingertips across immaculate book spines, not a hint of wear or speck of dust to be found on their leather bindings. “What’s that?” he finally breaks, like a wave against the rocky shore of Hannibal’s intrigue.

“Your curiosity. Your thirst for knowledge, for *understanding.* A man living a solitary life, desperate to be seen and to be known.”

Will scoffed at the implication. “I told you long ago that I don’t find you that interesting, Doctor.”

“Why didn’t you pull the trigger that night in my kitchen, Will? What stayed your hand? Was it an act of god, or an act of man?”

“I’ve no interest in playing this game with you, Hannibal."

“I’ll tell you what became of our daughter.” The words feel like acid spilled against Will’s skin, like a physical blow to the gut. Spoken so carelessly, and from the lips of the very man who’d taken her from him. *From them.*

A wretched, broken sound clawed its way out of his throat and he stopped his idle inspection of Hannibal’s book collection to finally return his gaze to the man.

“Don’t you wish to know what became of her? What fate befell the first person you felt could truly be your family?”

Will had a bitter, angry thought that the man was wrong. That he *himself* had been the first person to break through Will’s walls, sturdy and perfected over time. Hannibal had been a friend, a confidant.

“I prayed I would see Abigail again,” Will grit out through clenched teeth, trying desperately to maintain a modicum of control.

“You are luckier than most supplicants, then, as your prayer did not go entirely unanswered. You saw part of her.” The man shifted so that his feet were now on the ground and Will took in the fine lines of his body, his perfect posture. There was nothing human there. Just a beautiful vessel.

Hannibal wasn't deterred by his contemplative silence. "Occasionally, I drop a teacup to shatter on the floor. I'm not satisfied when it doesn't gather itself up again," he paused, not continuing until Will finally dragged his eyes up to make eye contact. "Should the universe contract and fate be undone, perhaps teacups could come back together and a place could be made for Abigail in your world."

Will turned from him then, unwilling and unable to look at him through a saltwater veil of tears that threatened to fall. He wouldn't show his throat to Hannibal so easily, wouldn't allow him to see him weakened.

He made his way towards the ladder, some primal flight or fight response in his lizard brain imploring him to climb, to take the higher ground. He'd barely even reached the ladder, had only just rested his hand on one of the middle rungs when he heard the soft shift of fabric from behind him. Seconds later, Hannibal was pressed warm and heavy against his back, forcing his chest into the rungs.

"You've lost a child, Will. I'd like to help you, at least, find yourself again." Will could feel movement against his spine, Hannibal's hands coming between them, working his tie free from its place around his neck. He could hear the slide of the silken fabric and then he was being forcibly turned around, his back now pressed tightly to the ladder while Hannibal crowded his front.

"Arms up, please," Hannibal instructed softly, and Will's gaze fell immediately to the strip of blue paisley silk in the man's hands. He considered that he might be able to ruin it, if he struggled against its hold enough. "Do you want your answers, Will?" Hannibal asked him when Will's hesitation became apparent.

His eyes snapped back up to Hannibal at the taunt, at the blatant *coercion* that was happening. He glared at the man, his jaw set with determined defiance even as he complied and stretched his arms above his head. As Hannibal set about looping the silk around Will's wrists and the ladder rung in turn, Will stared at the place on Hannibal's chest where a tie should lay, his collar looking oddly barren with the lack of one; he had undone the top button of his shirt when he had removed it, and Will felt his mouth go dry as his eyes followed the contours of the hollow at the base of Hannibal's throat.

The reality of what he had just allowed to happen struck him the moment Hannibal pulled his hands away. Will went immediately dizzy as he considered the power he had just granted the man before him. His heart raced too quickly in his chest, beating against his ribs with far too much force; his stomach gave a sick twist and dropped all at once. He didn't realize that he had immediately begun tugging against his bindings until one of Hannibal's hand reached up to still them gently, didn't realize he had begun hyperventilating until Hannibal's other hand spanned over his diaphragm and he was being instructed to *breathe.*

For long moments, Will struggled to even his breathing, to match it with the rise and fall of the man in front of him. For longer moments, after his heart rate had slowed and his nausea dissipated, they remained standing that way, silence wrapping around them and Hannibal's warmth both a comfort and constant reminder that he was *too close.*

Eventually, Hannibal's broad palm smoothed over the scruff that lined Will's jaw; Will hated that he had to fight the instinct to turn into the touch, hated that he didn't want to fight it. Hannibal waited until Will pulled his eyes up to face him. The warm fondness in the doctor's eyes made Will's stomach twist once more, clogged his throat with something that felt akin to scalding tar that stopped him from being able to swallow properly.

"She didn't feel any pain," Hannibal murmured at last, and this time, when hot tears sprung to Will's eyes, he was unable to turn away.

"Was she scared?" His voice sounded weak. He *felt* weak; body, mind and soul. "Did she even know what was coming for her?"

He didn't think it was possible for Hannibal's gaze to turn any softer, but it did. The edges of his mouth tilted up slightly, and Will didn't know if he'd describe the smile as wry or sad.

"Do any of us?"

Sensing that was as much of an answer as he was going to get, Will closed his eyes, let his head rest back against the ladder, and breathed.

Will had parked ten minutes ago, turned off the Volvo three minutes after that. Five minutes ago, he unbuckled his seatbelt. He was still sitting in his car, staring at the office building, at 7:28 pm.

He considered undoing the last ten minutes, considered pulling out of his parking space and turning away from the building and putting it and the man inside it behind him, and damn the cancellation policy, damn the therapy. Damn the monster.

Rude.

He let out a heavy sigh as he opened his door, mind turning with what Hannibal might have thought up for him this week. The previous two sessions, since beginning this *constraint therapy*, as Hannibal liked to call it, had been similar to and wildly different than the first. To begin, the first session had seen Will's wrists tied to the ladder for the last fifteen minutes of their hour. It had felt impromptu, informal, somehow.

The following week, Hannibal had been prepared. After the first half hour, his unconventional therapist had suggested that they explore 'constraint therapy' once again. Will, reluctant to comply but desperate for both information on Abigail and forcing Hannibal to incriminate himself, had started to head over to the ladder when Hannibal corrected his horribly inaccurate expectations.

He spent the next thirty minutes on his knees, legs spread so wide the inseam of his pants creaked with exertion, his wrists tied to his ankles.

"How did you do it?"

”You saw the kitchen, Will. Saw that terribly familiar arc of arterial spray. How do you think?”

The week after that, there was no pretense of actual therapy or conversation, no time wasted. Will arrived in his loose-fitting clothing, as requested, and was promptly guided to lie on the floor on his stomach. Hannibal trussed him up like a pig - literally hog-tied - and kept him on the floor, ignored completely but for the touches that lingered just a bit too long as he tied and untied the knots.

Will had spent the hour struggling to achieve a breath deep enough to satisfy his lungs, wondering if Hannibal was going to take advantage of his helpless situation every time the man passed near. By the end of the hour, Will’s injured shoulder was screaming and an unexpected and wholly unwanted arousal had flickered to life to simmer warmly in his belly. He had spent the time trying to work up the nerve to ask the question he truly wanted an answer to; found that, as he slowly stretched out his body and feeling began to return to his limbs, he still wasn’t ready to hear the answer.

“What really happened with Nick Boyle?”

”He cornered Abigail and she gutted him. I knocked Alana out before she had the chance to see the blood on Abigail’s hands.”

“You were priming her. Did you want a protege so badly? Was I such a disappointment already?” Will continued their previous conversation nearly immediately, barreling into Hannibal’s office like he belonged there. He did belong there. Hannibal had crafted this into a shared space for them, a den where they could fight and fuck and bleed for one another. He’d invaded Will in nearly every way another person could, it was only fitting that Will take up space here.

“You have never disappointed me, dear boy. You have only ever surprised me.” He paused, giving real consideration to his reply. “I never wanted a protege. Never considered myself a man interested in fatherhood - I will further my lineage through my own works, even after my death they will live on long after I am rotting in the earth. But for Abigail, I considered…” he let himself trail off, moving behind his desk to collect a bundle of familiar objects.

And Will wanted to sob, he wanted to scream. He’d had a dangerously dark scream perched just behind his teeth for months, since before the hospital, since before the Shrike. Maybe even since before the Ripper had ever even featured in his dreams, nightmares and waking reality like some macabre triple feature. The bundle in Hannibal’s hands was made up only of the stuff of Will’s nightmares and Will worried that if he opened his mouth to speak, it really would just be a scream that never ended.

Hannibal stopped in front of him, gesturing that Will should remain standing when he moved to sit in the usual plush leather chair. “Standing, I should think,” Hannibal confirmed, placing the straight jacket and muzzle down on the small sitting table.

“I don’t want to do this.” Will was too proud to beg, but his words had a pleading, panicked edge to them that he couldn’t deny. He could feel his heart picking up speed at the very *thought*, his chest both expanding and collapsing with anxiety that he had not experienced since he had been tied to the ladder that first time.

“If you’ll allow me to do this, you can dispel the notion that these aren’t simply the mortal objects they are. No gods, no fates, just us here, in this room, and your total trust that I will catch you when you fall for me.” Hannibal spoke with the same soothing cadence he often used with Will, like coaxing a feral animal to eat from his palm before snapping its neck.

“Don’t frame it like I have a choice, Hannibal. I’ve never had a choice.” He spat, anger sitting hot and agonizing in his stomach, in his chest. He wanted to hate this man, and he hated that he didn’t, that he *couldn’t*.

“You’ve always had a choice, sweet Will. And this is where you always end up.”

Will wanted to deny him, to turn around and walk out of this room and out of this infuriating man’s life. But he knew Hannibal was right. Even his attempts to bring Hannibal to justice with Jack had been half-hearted at best. Killing Randall Tier had been the most alive he’d felt in years. Until now. Looking down at the innocuous articles on the table, he forced his eyes to find Hannibal’s gaze and gave a slight nod of his head.

“I will need to hear the words this time, I’m afraid. This isn’t as simple as what we’ve done thus far.” Will had to scoff at the implication that the doctor considered being *hogtied* to be a simple affair, but he knew the doctor was ruthless in his sadism. He decided to tell him so.

“You’re a damn Sadist. You only want to hear me complacent in my pain. You probably think it makes it all the sweeter that I *let* you hurt me.” He may not often be able to slip into Hannibal with his empathy, but sometimes it simply wasn’t needed with him. Hannibal Lecter was a creature Will had sunk his claws into; he knew him by sight and by scent alone.

Hannibal merely blinked at him, waiting. Ever patient.

Will sighed, resigned, and rubbed his hands over his face vigorously in his frustration - one of those fidgety habits he had been in the process of training himself out of for the last several weeks. A small part of him longed to keep fighting, longed to ask Hannibal if he really *needed* Will’s verbal consent or if he just *wanted* to hear him say it. Hear him admit out loud that he can’t fight Hannibal anymore, that he’s grown weary of trying. Hear him say that somehow - even after *everything* - somehow, Will had grown to trust Hannibal even more than he trusts himself.

“Fine. Do it, then. Strap me up. Muzzle me like I’m a rabid dog. Do...whatever the Hell it is you want to do. *You have my consent.*” He tacked on the words facetiously and extended his arms automatically when Hannibal picked up the jacket.

He hated - absolutely *hated* - how familiar the process was. Hannibal slipped the garment over his arms; the weight of the canvas made his outstretched limbs tremble immediately. He then stalked around Will, circling him like prey, to begin fastening the straps.

“I wouldn’t push this if I did not truly believe it would be cathartic for you, Will,” Hannibal murmured behind him; his warm breath ghosted over the back of Will’s neck and sent a shiver sliding down his spine. He gave a noncommittal grunt as Hannibal’s deft fingers looped and tightened the straps with more efficiency than any person who didn’t work in a mental institution should possess.

Will forced himself to take in slow, steady breaths as the pressure around his torso grew with each strap put into place. “It has nothing to do with your desire for control, then,” he grumbled, figuring he should get his snarky comments out while he still had the use of his jaw.

“If I desire such a thing, it is only to control your fear; to encourage you to face and overcome it, to banish it away forever. The scent of your fear is bitter and acrid, Will.” He could feel Hannibal’s nose press forward ever so slightly into his hair. “I would have you freed, victorious. Unencumbered by fear or guilt.”

Will swallowed around the lump in his throat and willed himself to ignore how he could feel the heat of Hannibal’s body along his back even through the jacket that bound him. “And if my being unencumbered by fear and guilt only further encourages my darker impulses to spill free, all the better for you.”

The doctor moved around to face Will once more, one of those rare smiles curling his lips. “Yes,” he agreed simply, and for a moment Will was so gobsmacked by the open admittance that he didn’t even realize Hannibal had retrieved the mask until it was being fitted to his face.

Will’s breaths came heavier through his nose by instinct as Hannibal tightened the straps at the back of his skull. He could feel the hot air hitting the barrier of plastic before him and bouncing back to coat the lower half of his face in moisture. He closed his eyes as Hannibal finished his work and concentrated on the slow, deep breaths once more; focused on releasing them even slower still to keep the mask from fogging so quickly.

“There we are,” Hannibal murmured, hovering before him once more. His hands pet idly down Will’s sides. “Comfortable?”

Will leveled him with a glare and hoped that he looked as unamused as he felt. He stiffened with a muffled noise of surprise when Hannibal pressed closer to his front and slid one of his hands around to claim a handful of Will’s rear. When he attempted to jerk out of Hannibal’s reach with another squeak of indignation, he was rewarded with a firm hand twisting into his curls to hold him in place.

“Now, now,” Hannibal chided with a soft click of his tongue. “I believe I was just granted permission to *do whatever the Hell I want to do*.” At Will’s cold glare - and one more feeble attempt at twisting free - Hannibal continued, “And I believe you still desire answers, so you will comply. *After* allowing yourself to be bound into helplessness is hardly the time to attempt to fight back, Will.”

He was right - on *all* counts, damn him - so Will took another deep breath and forced himself to relax. And when Hannibal’s wandering hand moved to his front to apply firm pressure to

his groin, the only act of defiance Will made was to close his eyes. He was half-hard already, had been since the doctor had tightened the very first strap on his jacket; there was no hiding that from him. Hannibal didn't seem to mind the lack of eye contact; he increased the pressure of the hand on Will's cock and dragged it along with frustratingly slow movements, and then dipped his head to mouth at the column of Will's neck.

Irritating as it was, he couldn't deny that the next sound that left him was much more agreeable. Hannibal seemed to think so as well, his lips curling against Will's skin before sucking a bruise over Will's racing pulse. Will's neck was incredibly sensitive, every lick and nip sending jolts of burning arousal to the core of him and making his knees feel weak and wobbly. If his legs failed him, he would fall *hard,* with no way to catch himself. He reminded himself of that as he allowed himself to lean into the solid stability of the man in front of him. The fact that the action pressed his aching cock more insistently into Hannibal's hand was entirely incidental.

Hannibal's lips brushed along the shell of his ear, followed by the gentle drag of his teeth. His hot breath washed over him, invaded him, sending another tremor through Will that released another one of those not-disapproving noises. "You are mine, yes?"

His tongue fell to Will's throat once more, and all Will could do was arch his neck to allow and encourage the action. He didn't even realize he'd been nodding frantically until he heard the pleased sound rumble from Hannibal's chest.

"You will cease this nonsense with Jack Crawford, then?"

Will's eyes snapped open and found Hannibal's, calm and placid as a cobra's before the strike. He swallowed thickly, taking a moment to deliberate and debate internally before acknowledging to himself that his business with Jack would never have ended in anything less than blood and violence and death - Jack's for certain, and possibly also Hannibal's. And, as sick as the realization made him, he couldn't abide the idea that Hannibal would ever cease to be. Especially by anything other than Will's own hands wrapped lover-tight around the pale column of his throat.

He nodded, just once, and Hannibal's smile grew wide, predatory. "I'm afraid I'll need verbal agreement again, dear Will. I know it might be a bit uncomfortable with the muzzle, but please try for me."

Will's eyes turned to slits as he glared, but he cleared his throat of the scream that was clogging it up. "Yes, Hannibal. Uncle Jack will remain in the dark."

Hannibal *purred*, a pleased and cat-like sound rumbling from his chest that suited the man perfectly, his eyes narrowing in pleasure. He kissed the center of Will's forehead and that, more than anything else they had done, felt chokingly intimate.

"Come, darling boy, let's get comfortable," Will didn't protest as Hannibal led them to the chaise that had so long sat innocuous and silent vigil over their sessions.

Hannibal sat down first and left Will standing between his thighs, the man's legs boxing Will in, trapping him even further than the attire strapped around him.

“You’re so good for me, Will. I promise to reward you for your trust,” Hannibal smirked, and Will’s heart rate ticked up further. He nodded silently, unable to force words from his throat that felt thick and sticky with emotion.

He was starting to go hazy around the edges, a fog filling up his head and creeping in on the corners of his vision. He wobbled a little on his feet and Hannibal reacted immediately, grabbing him and spilling him out across his lap, spreading Will’s legs so that he was straddling the man.

It wasn’t an easy position, the straightjacket cutting uncomfortably into the joint of his hips and thighs as he was spread wide across Hannibal’s broad lap, the doctor not helping him to shift more comfortably.

His cock was still achingly hard within the confines of the jacket and his pants and, as it brushed against one of Hannibal’s strong legs, Will let out a pitiful whimper of shocked need. Hannibal’s grin only grew wider, like a crocodile who’s just spotted an easy meal. Will tried to let his eyes close again, but it seemed Hannibal was no longer willing to show him that kindness.

“Eyes open,” He stated simply, but Will heard the subtle threat beneath the surface: *I could make this so much worse for you* it promised.

He forced his eyes to open, gasping when Hannibal rewarded him by gripping his hip so tightly Will was sure there would be bruises in the shape of his fingertips. He buried his other hand in Will’s curls, gripping tightly and tugging so harshly it had Will’s body arching closer to his chest. Hannibal used his new hold on Will to force him to grind down against his leg, Will’s cock so hard the pressure almost hurt.

Will did not whimper, he did *not.* But the moan that left his throat was high and reedy and made Hannibal’s eyes flash with smug pleasure - the look of a predator that knows it has cornered its prey, rendered it helpless. Hannibal’s hands left him then, moved to rest on the chaise at his sides instead.

“Take what you want, Will,” he murmured lowly; his voice slid over Will like sap, encased him and hardened, trapping him like an insect in amber.

Will wished he could tell Hannibal that what he *wanted* was to sink in his teeth to bite and tear, to rip into him with claws and squeeze the man’s black heart with his bare hands to see for himself if it actually beat or not. To see if it even existed at all. But Hannibal had strapped him up tight, his arms and jaw bound by jacket and mask, his hands and teeth gentled by affection that he was desperate not to feel.

The only thing he could do was helplessly and mindlessly chase his pleasure; that was Hannibal’s design. Will shifted over his monster’s lap, wiggling and rocking in an attempt to grind closer, to feel that incredible friction of his trapped cock dragging over Hannibal’s thigh. Without Hannibal’s hands to steady him, Will struggled to keep his balance, nearly toppling backward from the man’s lap to the floor. He compensated for this by leaning forward instead, laying his chest against Hannibal’s and dropping his forehead to rest upon

the man's shoulder as he rutted frantically against him. It worked, at least, the closer position angling him the way he needed to provide the most contact.

The arousal simmering in his belly blazed to a raging inferno. His breaths came in pants, his mask fogging with the moisture of his hot exhales. Hannibal was so solid, so hot against him, and for a moment Will ground against him with furious intent, his straining cock twitching and the muscles of his stomach tensing as his release drew ever closer. For a moment, Will thought that it might be just that easy to crest over the edge.

And then Hannibal began to talk, mouth tilted to Will's ear as he nuzzled into Hannibal's shoulder, and Will was forced back into his own mind, forced to face the humiliating reality of what he was doing. And, of course, Hannibal was more than happy to remind him.

"Look at you," Hannibal murmured, his lips brushing across Will's flesh and hot breath spilling into his ear, making him shiver closer, sending another desperate and undeniable jolt of arousal through his body, taut as a wire about to snap. "Rutting against me like an animal. Shameless. Beautiful."

Will felt his cheeks flame at Hannibal's words, felt his hips stutter in the rhythm they had found as embarrassment flooded through him. He began to pull back, set to get away from Hannibal, from his words that were hateful and mocking and - possibly worst of all - true. His monster's claws shot up to stop him, snared around his waist and neck and urged him closer still. Hannibal shifted his own hips up briefly, encouraging even more friction and ripping a keening sound from Will's throat.

"I would see you elevated, Will. Unshackled by the expectations of a society unworthy to dictate such things. Raised above the level of god, master of your own fate," Hannibal promised, and fuck if Will didn't believe him.

He moaned, the sound a pained, sobbing thing, the entire situation far too intimate and humiliating for his comfort. But he was still so aroused, hard and throbbing beneath the material of the jacket.

Hannibal pulled on the strap that ran down his back and between his legs, pulling it tight so that it provided a delicious pressure to his cock. "You're beautiful like this, open and honest. Your truest, most selfish parts of you exposed in sharp relief. A creature of desire, I would see you take your pleasure here, darling, and let me bear witness to your becoming."

"Hannibal-" Will keened, his sounds muffled and nearly lost in the condensating mask. But nothing got past Hannibal, his eyes narrowing further in his pleasure at Will's slow breaking.

"I want you to come for me, sweet boy. Lose yourself in your rapture," Hannibal encouraged, pulling Will even closer with a proprietary hand kneading his ass, forcing him forward and down so he practically collapsed onto Hannibal's chest, muzzle pressed tight to the juncture of his neck and shoulder. "I promise to catch you this time, Will. I won't let you crash amongst the rocks, or become lost in the roiling waves of your mind."

Will wanted to scream again, not for the first or even the hundredth time since he'd met this infuriating specter. He was desperate to come but equally desperate not to cave to Hannibal's

latest whim regarding him, lest it turn into further nefarious whims in the future. Hannibal was prone to escalation, after all.

“Come for me, Will,” Hannibal framed it like he so often did, like a suggestion, as though Will had a choice in the ultimate conclusion. But he looked upon this monster, *his monster* with new, opened eyes. There was no choice. Not for him. Not anymore.

He rutted helplessly, desperately seeking his pleasure, rushing ever closer to his orgasm. Hannibal’s fingers coiling in his hair and pulling hard enough to snap strands at the root, his other hand yanking on the strap that draped down Will’s spine, pushing the material tight to his groin, even tighter to his perineum, rubbing his prostate externally.

He came, wet and thick in his pants, his cock twitching painfully against his bonds. He hid his face in Hannibal’s neck, but the man didn’t allow him to remain, pulling his head back harshly to watch his eyes as they went unfocused and hazy for several long moments, his chest heaving.

Pulling away from Hannibal, he spilled himself pitifully onto the floor between the man’s legs, nuzzling his groin through the fabric of his pants where his cock tented obscenely. “Please -” Will begged, the mask so fogged he could feel the heat against his cheeks.

Hannibal reached down and released Will from the muzzle, but kept him bound in the straight jacket, desperately swaying to stay on his knees and trying to remove Hannibal’s pants with his teeth to the zipper.

He felt Hannibal cup his cheek, almost sweetly, like a lover, before he tapped it, not hard enough to constitute a slap, but enough to jumpstart Will’s mind, though it didn’t clear the fog of his thoughts entirely.

Hannibal took pity on him, unbuttoning his pants and pulling out his straining cock, giving it a few cursory strokes that pulled the foreskin back from the head, his tip already wet and glistening with precome.

Will dove forward, licking messily at Hannibal’s exposed cock, whimpering and desperate. His eyes slipped closed as he tasted Hannibal, the fluid that collected on his tongue bitter, his hot flesh musky and heady. When he closed his lips around the cockhead and sucked, Hannibal gave a low moan that Will echoed. He sank down further, taking as much of Hannibal’s shaft as he could without the use of his hands and arms to anchor him, to allow him to twist into a more strategic position.

Hannibal didn’t seem to mind the awkward angle, nor the fact that Will’s bound hands couldn’t work the lower part of his shaft that Will couldn’t reach. He simply thrust into the heat of Will’s mouth as far as possible with soft, panted exhales. When he twisted a hand in Will’s curls and pulled him off, Will let out a dismayed noise that sounded far too close to a whine for his comfort. Embarrassment flooded him at Hannibal’s own self-satisfied sound, his cheeks and ears growing warmer still as he shifted and felt the evidence of his shameful release cooling in his pants.

And this was all *new*. They'd never gone this far before in their sessions, none of the previous experiences with bondage ending in shared physical pleasure, though Will had often felt high with arousal and blooming desire.

He was forced to shuffle backward awkwardly when Hannibal rose from the chaise, but then his hands were in Will's hair again, guiding his mouth back to Hannibal's swollen cock, and Will had only seconds to see Hannibal's design and prepare himself before his monster's hips thrust forward, harsh and unyielding, and Will was choking on him. He forced his throat to relax, struggled to find breath through his nose. Hannibal pressed as deeply as possible every time, forcing Will's battered throat to spasm around him, pressing reflexive tears from his eyes and mucus from his nose until Will learned to match his rhythm and gasp desperately for air each time he was pulling back.

Heat bloomed in his belly, tingling pulses of arousal and anticipation clenching his stomach and shivering down to his cock, which was, however unlikely, giving quite a valiant effort at getting hard again. The ardor of Hannibal's actions, the absolutely uncharacteristic franticness with which he used Will to chase his own orgasm, was far more pleasing to witness than Will could have imagined. He had, in a single moment, cast his person suit aside entirely, bared himself completely to Will in a way that he had with no other person.

When Hannibal came, he shoved forward one more time to the back of Will's throat and spilled forth. Will swallowed reflexively with a moan, whimpered as Hannibal pulled away entirely and he was awarded his first full breath in minutes. The respite was short-lived, however, as moments later the man had dropped to his knees before Will and then lunged forward to steal his air once more, this time with teeth and tongue as he invaded Will's mouth, chasing the taste of himself.

Will could only lean into it, swaying on his knees and resting his upper body against the stability of Hannibal's. His arms twitched in their restraints, compelled by the urge to touch the man before him, to wrap his own fingers in silken hair and to claw at his chest and back and to haul him closer, force him to stay against Will longer.

There was something to be said about positive associations, because when Hannibal's hands trailed to Will's back and began loosening the straps that bound him, Will felt a twinge of disappointment as his limbs were granted agency once more. The jacket fell to the floor between them, and Will moved his arms with an unexpected tentativeness before he finally reached forward and settled his hands upon Hannibal's hips.

Their faces were still pressed close, lips brushing now and then as one breath cycled between the two of them. Hannibal rested his forehead against Will's - it surprised him, the things that Will found intimate, considering what they had just done - and when he reminded Will that he was owed one more answer, emotion flooded Will's abused throat so fiercely, thick and stinging, that he wondered for a moment if he could say anything at all.

"I woke up with Abigail's ear in my stomach," Will began at last, pulling back slightly to look him in the face, and suddenly his throat felt clogged for another reason entirely; he could almost feel the phantom choking fullness of a feeding tube as he stared at the man that put it there. "What happened to the rest of her?"

Hannibal's broad palm met his cheek again, tender and warm as he stroked a thumb across the apple of Will's cheek. "Would you like for me to show you?"

Will hadn't been entirely sure that he meant it when he'd answered Hannibal's question in the affirmative. After two hours in the man's Bentley, driving out of the city and along the coastline of the Chesapeake Bay, Will was almost entirely sure that he hadn't.

His unhelpful imagination spun all sorts of scenarios for him to mull over in the heavy silence of the car. Images of the Ripper's art, each and every victim shaped into something terrible and macabre and beautiful, floated to the forefront of his mind as he wondered where Hannibal was taking him, what he would find when they got there. *Don't allow yourself to be taken to a secondary location*. Every police force training seminar on abductions and murder rates flitted across his brain too quickly to focus on.

He didn't bother trying to ask where they were going or what he would be shown; he hadn't earned any additional answers.

When they pulled up to a cliffside residence, Will's first thought was that this is where he kept her, where she lived in a freezer far away from Baltimore, safe and saved until Hannibal had use for her. He imagined that Hannibal would cook for him, force Will to eat part of their daughter with the intention of him keeping it down this time.

But then they climbed out of the car, and Will caught Hannibal's eye before he started for the door; an unnameable glint flashing in his gaze, that damned self-satisfied smirk curling his lips. Will's pulse jumped to racing in an instant, his heart thundering harder with each step closer to the house. It was foolish to believe, to *hope*; foolish to expect that Hannibal would ever hand him anything other than heartache.

His stomach twisted when they reached the door, even as Will chided himself that it was uncertain, unlikely - impossible, even. When Hannibal turned the doorknob and pushed into the house, Will thought for a moment that be might be sick into the cheerful little pot of begonias - *who waters them?* - that sat next to the door. He swallowed down bile and nerves and stepped through the door.

And his eyes were drawn immediately to a slim figure curled up in a chair in the corner of the living room, a curtain of dark brown hair parted as a pale, freckled face tilted up to look in his direction. A pair of watery blue eyes sparked, meeting his own, as pink lips twisted into a smile.

End Notes

Thanks for reading!

If you enjoy our collaborative works you should follow us on Twitter and Tumblr for all sorts of extra content and teasers!

We also have a Discord server where you can chat with us, throw us prompts, and post images/art inspired by our work! You may also catch a snippet or two of some WIPs!

'Til next time! 💚💜 BellaRai

Please drop by the Archive and comment to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!